

## THE SUNDAY JOURNAL SUMMER RESORT SUPPLEMENT.

### SUMMER LIFE AT EASY-GOING NARRAGANSETT.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

Narragansett Pier, July 10.—An anonymous landscape might be less colorful, but could not be stupider than is Narragansett Pier just now. There is a mile of hotels; there is a stretch of sand fine as face powder; there is a sky of silk, wadded with flims of white cotton; there is a sea of satin, a heaving, heavenly desert of blue; and there is nothing but that, nothing, save an atmosphere charged with salt, frequently with mist, yet unseasoned with so much as the breath of a scandal or the rumor of a sensation to be. But there is a bit.

The Pier is like a pretty woman with a past.

Gaiety is not dead, it sleepeth. In a week, in a fortnight at most, it will be as exuberant as before. If you are coming, come. For after that the invasion of the Westerners will begin, and you will have to sleep over the way.

Other days, other customs. A few years ago there was the same stretch of face powder, the same miracles of blue. But there were no hotels, a number of boarding-houses merely, of which, socially speaking, the worst were the best. The guests were New Yorkers, Philadelphians and Baltimoreans, people of uniform position, and practically of uniform wealth. At the time the spectacle of millionaires and millionairesses eating at high noon a dinner at which the servants would have revolted, and sitting down at dusk to a tea of cake and preserves, would have been pathetic, had it not been ludicrous. But that is what they came for, that and the air and the savors of the sea. You never in the world would believe that there were picnics, crabbing parties to which every one went, and that every Saturday evening, in the dining room of some one of the boarding-houses, there was a german-cottillon came later on—for which the polkas, galops, waltzes were tossed from a mildewed piano by waiters in turn, and at which, with a circle of natives for claques, all the piers and pieresses took part.

In the morning every one bathed. Through the long, green afternoons young people, paired in couples, sat on the rocks and there held hands. Of an evening the verandas, roomy, dim, lit, if at all, but by falling stars, were vibrant with osculations.

Those were the good old days. Then, gingerly at first, presently with larger assurance, into this Eden stepped members of what is known in Mayfair as the Bounder or family—available people whom no one knows and who are ambitious to know everybody. For their entertainment a hotel was built; for their service, instead of pretty country girls, negroes came and therewith a band. Of a Saturday evening there were hops, and on an exploring expedition thither the writer remembers, as though it were yesterday, being urged by a man whom he had never met to come in and dance with a girl whom he had never seen. It was in no sense free and easy, but it was delightfully wild.

That hotel, the Mount Hope, was demolished four ago. In its place, at an expense of half a million, Mr. Kinney, the cigarette friend's friend, has since built a Tuscan palazzo, quite befitting and otherwise satisfactory.

It was from that time that the demoralization of Narragansett set in. In the train of the Bounder family came the reporters. Newport condescended to visit the Pier. It began to be talked of, written about, and meanwhile on the slope which leaned to those rocks where young people sat and there held hands, villas went up and abominations in stucco and stone.

To the habitue the Pier was still recognizable. In the middle of the day were the same bad dinners, though at supper an encroaching taste for luxurious living had led to the introduction of steaks. But germs were less frequent. Picnics and crabbing parties were no more. The New Yorkers, Philadelphians and Baltimoreans who formerly had formed but one large family, disintegrated by the Bounders, split into cliques, moved away, married, died, divorced or defaulted, according to their individual tastes. On the beach, previously shelterless and conglomerate, tents were erected, which exclusive gentlemen and gentlemen hired by the season, and beneath which they sat, refusing to be sunburned, refusing to bathe.

In those days at that angle where the stretch of boarding houses ended and the stretch of sand began stood a restaurant called by the proprietor a cafe, by the natives a kafe. There it had stood since the memory of man ran not to the contrary. After the bath those that had bathed and those that had not went to it to prepare for dinner. Clams, crabs and Saratoga chips were eaten; lemonade flips and juleps were drunk. After the invasion of the Bounders there were games, suppers and champagne. The quiet of the nights was rent. There were shrieks of laughter and there was music, dashed with red pepper, that evoked vistas of silk stockings, swirling skirts, flushed cheeks, the hot and rattle of the orgy.

If suggestive, it was harmless, beneficial even, for every one who went enjoyed it so much that it was thought that the enjoyment might be enhanced. A casino was built, of which Sherry took the management. Presently the kafe was razed to the ground, and from a lawn, just as at Trouville or at Eretat, you could sip absinthe at little tables and watch the satin and stripes of the sea.

It was at that epoch that Narragansett Pier became a popular and quasi-fashionable resort. It was at that epoch, too, that the evolution of the hotel began. People who came from Cleveland, Cincinnati and Chicago, from cities remoter yet, declined to eat bad dinners at high noon, refused hot bread and preserves for tea, balked at rooms in which only the prospect pleased, at inefficient service and at the time tables which were shown them if they made a

complaint. The hour of the boarding house had struck. The Casino which Sherry managed was insufficient. Back from the sea, in an adjoining parish, he built another, on either side he put cottages. There you could live and dine. It was quite European and entirely satisfactory.

Meanwhile, one by one, the boarding houses were vanishing. In their stead hotels went up. The service was not impeccable, neither was the food. But there was a striving at higher things, an effort to please which previously you could have whistled for.

The vogue of the Pier mounted; so, too, did its tariff. Strangers of supreme distinction, princes and galley slaves, ambassadors and cocottes, put an accent on its charms. That ballet on the beach, in which the prettiest girls in the world, girls from New York, girls from Baltimore, girls from Philadelphia, girls with the Occident in their eyes, and lips that said, "Drink me," floated down each morning and mixed with the sea, was a sight the like of which was obtainable elsewhere, if at all, but in dream. And that was the beauty of it. It wasn't a vision. It was an actual, tangible, palpable representation that awoke in many a heart a Pan not dead.

It was a great incentive to matrimony. And when, one by one, or hand in hand, those girls, shepherds of supreme distinction, crossed the beach and disappeared in the greenroom of their cabins beyond, it was simply operative, and needed but the hum of harp and kiss of flutes to be complete.

That omission Sherry also supplied. You may go down now and clasp the sea to the shiver of violins, breast the waves to the laugh of brass, and re-emerge to the sound of trumpets. It is not the ideal, but it is in the neighborhood. And afterward, instead of clams and cocktails, you may dine at the Casino, and, with a little imagination

and a large income, fancy yourself at a Waldorf luncheon, transferred and flavored with brine.

At present the mile of hotels is barely peopled. In the evening for the past week the Casino has been dismal and damp, enlivened only by the delicious czardas of the Hungarians.

And the piazzas, which in the old days were vibrant with osculations, and lit, if at all, but by falling stars, are now so brilliant with electric lights that they might be out-of-door ballrooms for all the osculations they offer to young people who like to hold hands. The rocks, too, are deserted, and would be any way, even had the avalanche of pretty girls arrived, for long since it has been held mickey to go there. And the beach, on which, in the moonlight of earlier years, couples strolled, waist encircled, de-vouring each other with insatiate eyes, has been abandoned again to the natives.

In spite of this, or perhaps precisely on that account, the dance which was given at the Casino on Wednesday evening was, if small, as fetching as anything of the kind you shall see from Bar Harbor to Cape May. The gowns of the young women, cut to and behold, were of every hue from argent to basaltic. The young men who had swam and biked and stuffed all day danced as though the very old Scratch was in them. And the way they glided and reversed, the voluptuousness which those Hungarians extracted from their exotic waltzes and then, in trailing rhythm, flung out through the length and breadth of the hall, through the corridors and balconies as well, was worth the trip to enjoy.

On Monday there was a dance at the Mathewson, a hotel brand new from cellar to garret, which smells of fresh splinters and new matting, and where you may dine at 8, as they do in London, or at 10,

as they do at Windsor. But at the dance the attendance was slim. The night itself was beastly and the day which it closed was worse. There was a mist, which, had it gone, would not have been. There was fog, rain, thunder and the stickiness of New York in the dog days; weather which has persisted intermittently ever since; for it is only haphazard when the sun does come out that those miracles of blue, the sea and the sky, are applauded.

On Wednesday Miss Breeze, on her way to Bar Harbor in her steam yacht, the Elsa, dropped anchor for a moment at the Pier. But notabilities were scarce. Among the more prominent young matrons from New York are Mrs. George Griswold, Mrs. Irving Paris, Mrs. Charles Marshall, Mrs. Hoffman Miller, Mrs. Wallace Shillito, Mrs. George Trowbridge, Mrs. Henry Brevoort Kane and Mrs. Henry Nash. From Baltimore there is Miss Alexander Brown and her sister, Mrs. William James.

Sixteen to one is at present the proportion of women to men. Among the latter for cotton and its leadership is Mr. Edward Gray, of Boston. Finance is represented by Mr. Alexander Brown; art by Mr. George Trowbridge; the literary business by Mr. Archibald C. Gunter, and diplomacy by Mr. Truxton Beale, who bears the loss of the Shah, to whom he was accredited, with a fortitude truly Christian.

The prettiest girls at the Pier are the daughters of Mrs. Trowbridge. The eldest will soon be twelve. But there are others, more advanced. Miss Reeves, of Baltimore, for instance, whose appearance is a caress to the eye, and Miss Belknap, of Washington, whose face is like an opening rose.

You make take it for granted that none of these young gentlemen wishes to be photographed, and the writer apologizes for the mention which his enthusiasm has induced.

EDGAR SALTUS.

### NARRAGANSETT, WHERE "BIKE" IS KING.

Narragansett Pier, July 10.—There will be fewer sporting events here this season than for a number of years. Heretofore there has been a series of cross-country rides after the bounds, the Chery Chase pack being used at times, and for a drive along two of the club members have acted as hares and distributed paper for the "bounds" to follow. There has also been a week or more of tennis, with the best prizes offered on the Atlantic coast; but interest in tennis has died out, and few call for the hunters. The bicycle has swept everything before it. With the single exception of golf all field sports have given way to wheeling, and there remains only the special feature of a week or ten days of polo to afford any variation from the daily spins over the country roads.

There are many varieties of bicycle costumes, but not many which would commend themselves to any seeker after the beautiful. There is an abundance of short skirts and a paucity of what might be considered artists' models. There are many nether limbs cut on the bias, and many toes which will persist in pointing toward each other. Thinness is the

General complaint is made that the bicycle is cheapening dress, that the society belles who were very particular as to their morning beach attire, and who shone resplendently at Casino concerts, are indifferent about their appearance, thinking nothing of a cheap Russian crash and an equally cheap Alpine hat, while their escorts loaf about in attire better fitted for country highways than the concert. It must be admitted that the wheel has made a great change at the Pier, and it is not a very desirable one, either.

Very discouraging has been the verdict on the weather all the week. There has been no show of the feathers, and social events have lagged. Fog and rain have ruled the resort. The Pier was about as lively as a country funeral. The sun came out to-day and made everybody more cheerful, and the appearance of an orchestra of fifteen pieces on the Casino piazza for the noon concert, and again at the hop, made up, in a measure, for the other disappointments of the week.

The Mathewson House hops, which are on for every Tuesday and Friday evening for the season, have proved unusually popular, and Sherry will be obliged to look to his laurels if he is to be king of the Pier. The Mathewson House management have adopted a liberal policy. Guests of the other houses and the cottagers are invited and made to feel perfectly

is less restraint in a hotel hop, and the Mathewson events are appreciated. The Misses Hatchelder, of Boston, gave a delightful hop at the Mathewson on Tuesday night, to which they invited all the surely well set at the Pier. Among the late arrivals at this house are Mrs. A. S. Van Duxer and daughters, Miss Dultzacher, Mrs. F. Savin, Miss Savin, of New York; Mrs. W. H. Dispard, of Bay Ridge, N. Y.; John F. Walton, of Pittsburgh; J. B. Haggin and family, of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lockett, of Washington.

From Baltimore this week have come Miss Laura Jenkins, Miss Reeves and Miss Kunkel.

Mrs. Stanley and Mrs. Scott Lynn, nieces of Joseph Hanigan, Chicago, multi-millionaire rubber king, are guests at the Metatoxet.

At the Rockingham are J. J. Hemenway and S. Murphy, New York, and the Kunkel family, Baltimore.

Mrs. James McC. Gibson, Cincinnati, is at the Rockingham. She is one of the most expert swimmers at the Pier.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Dun, New York, are at Dunmore for the season. Dunmore, without exception, the finest Summer residence on the Rhode Island coast. The den is famous.

Sandhurst, on the ocean road, has been leased to Richard Huddut, New York. Jacob Forsythe, Chicago, has taken Gilliam Lodge. Mrs. V. de Escozaza and daughter, New York, have arrived at the Metatoxet.

### See Them at Narragansett.

Millie—They are making bathing suits, now, all in one piece.

Leavitt—Too small to divide up, eh?

### BUZZARD'S BAY IS HAPPY.

The President is There and 'as Been Fishing, so the Earth Can Move Regularly Hereafter.

Buzzard's Bay, July 10.—The weather the past week has been anything but agreeable and the continued stormy season has put a damper on many social events which have been promised. However, there has been a general exodus from the cities to Buzzard's Bay, and now pretty nearly everything is occupied for the season. The hotels are being well patronized.

The President made his first fresh-water fishing trip this week, when, on Saturday, he accompanied Joe Jefferson to his private trout stream at East Sandwich. The place is located ten miles from Gray Gables, and the President made the distance by carriage. It rained all the afternoon, but this did not interfere with the two fishermen. They did not fold up their rods and start for home until 6 o'clock, and the eight fine trout that the President caught furnished a fine mess for dinner.

Mr. Cleveland was much interested in the Chicago Convention this week, and received bulletins constantly from the convention hall. A special wire was run to Gray Gables and one of the best operators in Boston office took charge of this end of the wire.

It is a noticeable contrast between the present time and four years ago. Then the President had a special wire, and it was then he was nominated for a second term. At that time newspaper men were as thick as Cape Cod mosquitoes. Nearly every paper of any consequence was represented here by their best writers, and in the last two days of the convention there were twenty-six reporters on the spot.



ARCHIE GUNN